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The

CABIN BOY.

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Drama in two acts

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By  
E. Stirling

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1846

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# THE CABIN BOY:

A DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY

EDWARD STIRLING, ESQ.,

*Author of "Nicolas Nickleby," "Grace Darling,"  
"Martin Chuzzlewit," "Blue Jackets," "Clarissa,"  
"Cricket on the Hearth," "Bohemeans," &c.*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH  
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC  
ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT,  
AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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SPIENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVIN ,  
BY MR. CLAYTON,  
TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PIECE.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE "NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN  
LANE; TO BE HAD OF STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
WISEHEART, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN; AT ALL RESPECT-  
ABLE BOOKSELLERS, AND AT THE NATIONAL ACTING DRAMA  
OFFICE, 19, SUFFOLK STREET, PAUL MALL EAST.

TO

MADAME CELESTE,

THIS TRIFLE IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

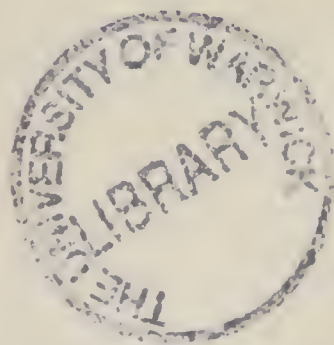
THE AUTHOR.



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# Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

*First performed on Monday, March 9th, 1846.*

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HENRI. Lieutenant's French uniform. Mr. BRAID.

VINCENT. White trowsers, double-breasted }  
white waistcoat, long grey French coat, large } Mr. O. SMITH.  
straw hat, long black wig. }

BERTHAULT. Nankeen coat, trowsers, }  
and flowered waistcoat; grey wig, straw hat. } Mr. LAMBERT.

BALLANDIER. Green coat, flowered waist- }  
coat; blue striped stockings; half-high boots; } Mr. MUNYARD.  
buff small clothes; French light cap. }

PIERRE. French sailor's blue jacket, }  
trowsers; red sash. } Mr. SANDERS.

*All the Sailors the same, blue shirts, &c.*

LARGARCETTE. Blue jacket and trowsers, }  
pink striped shirt, canvas shoes, large hat, &c. } Mr. P. BEDFORD.

JUDGE. Black long coat, large hat, nan- }  
keen trowsers and waistcoat. } Mr. GLENNARE.

ATTENDANT. Slave's white and blue dress. Mr. SYLVESTER.

ESCARBOT. Large pink and white shirt, }  
bound with red; white trowsers; large straw } Mr. WAYE.  
hat. }

PLANTERS. Blue shirts; white and pink }  
trowsers. } MESSRS. ALDRIDGE,  
CONRAN, & FROST.

JULIAN. Blue jacket and trowsers; white }  
shirt, blue anchor's worked on the collar; black } MADAME CELESTE.  
belt, straw hat. }

JENNY. Full white dress, trimmed; long }  
black veil. } MISS WOOLGAR.

MADAME MORAUD. White figured under }  
dress, Indian flowered gown, cap with red } MRS. LAWS.  
ribbons, &c. }

CLARA. White slave's dress. Miss REYNOLDS.

*All the Slaves—blue and white dresses.*

Time of Representation, One Hour and 15 Minutes.

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## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S.E.L. second entrance, left. S.E.R. second entrance, right. U.E.L. upper entrance, left. U.E.R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L.C. left centre. R.C. right centre. T.E.L. third entrance, left. T.E.R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.







# THE CABIN BOY.

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## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A large Room in the House of Madame Laroche, opening to the quay. The sea occupies the whole of the back of the stage near the quay, part of a vessel is seen at anchor, and a canoe floating; several tropical trees, on the quay bales of goods, chests, &c. S. and T. E. I. doors leading to rooms; all the R. is open to a plantation, bamboo chairs and tables, L.*

*When the curtain rises, Sailors and Slaves are removing goods from the vessel and placing them on the stage, others hawling in a rope; the Sailors work to music, calling "yeo-ho, yeo-ho!" BERTHAULT watching the Sailors. [Music.*

*Ren.* Pull away, my hearties, nothing like a pull altogether, hurrah for the amphitrite!

*BALANDIER enters from vessel carrying a red umbrella.*

*Bal.* Stop! stop! let me land in safety—I'm almost defunct; what with the sea and horrid tar; ugh! oh!

*Ber.* Poor fellow, what a plight he is in—I don't think he has troubled the steward or caused much consumption among the eatables. You are not fond of the sea, I presume, sir!

*Bal.* Fond of it! am I a porpoise or a dolphin? no, sir, I abominate it, (*Sailors laugh*) those creatures are brought up to the profession—they are cradled in storms and winds—battles and shipwrecks form their polite education, and drowning generally finishes it.

*Ber.* You look nearly finished yourself—you are—

*Bal.* I am a natural curiosity.

*LARGARCETTE enters from quay.*

*Lar.* Quick, lads, store away the sails—bear a-hand, yeo-ho!

*Sai.* Aye! Aye! [*Exit Sailors up platform to U. E. I.*

*Lar.* (*to BERTH.*) Servant, sir.

*Ber.* Glad to see you, Largarcette, that is by no means a misnomer, you are indeed large and well set too. The schooner escaped the rocks then—

*Lar.* Yes, thanks to my nephew Julien's exertions—it was lucky for them that he saw their danger; why, sir, they were on the reef—

*Ber.* He is a noble lad.



*Lar.* I'm proud of him, sir ; his eye sees everywhere, and his hand ready to help another.

*Ber.* I shall not be surprised if he lives to wear a pair of epaulettes.

*Lar.* An officer ! my nephew a cabin boy—if I could only live to see it !

*Ber.* Don't you think he'd repay you for the drubbings he receives at your hands ?

*Lar.* Drubbing ! who's to correct him if I don't ; I'm his only relation ; I try to make a man of him ?

*Ber.* By blows ?

*Lar.* A rope's-end reminds him of his duty and feelings !  
(*takes rope out.*)

*Bal.* Who speaks of feelings ? (*advances*) I'm all feeling, for the cargo of the schooner—is it insured ?

*Lar.* All right !

*Ber.* I'm glad of it for poor Ma'amselle Jenny's sake.

*Bal.* And I'm glad for my own !

*Lar.* Are you one of the creditors ?

*Bal.* I am, just arrived from France—such a voyage—tossed up and down, four weeks of it ; and when I cried for mercy, the sailors brought me the fat pork, ugh ! my head swam round, my eyes closed, and I swooned—

*Lar.* (*laughs*) No sailor, sir, eh ?

*Bal.* Heaven forbid ! I'm a dealer in natural curiosities—all I deplore is coming after bad debts.

*Ber.* You need not look so pale, you'll loose nothing by Ma'amselle Jenny, sir !

*Bal.* Shant I ? I've lost my appetite already.

*Ber.* She merely requires time to pay all her father's debts—Mons. Vincent, the principal creditor, refuses and persists in selling all her property. He is a hard man !

*Bal.* All creditors are called *hard*, I think they're *soft* to trust so much.

*Ber.* He seems eager to buy up all debts contracted by her late father !

*Bal.* Perhaps he'll buy mine !

*Lar.* Who is the land shark,—I never saw him on the island ?

*Ber.* He has established himself here during your voyage ; a large plantation has become his by purchase,—he is only known for his opulence and inflexibility. We all dislike and avoid him for his unmanly conduct.

*Lar.* I should like to take him a cruize ; we'd learn him better manners at sea.

*Bal.* Don't talk about the sea, or I shall go off again. I'll pay this Monsieur Vincent a visit ; he may buy my dishonored bills, if not, I'll seize.

*Lar.* (*threatens*) What ?

*Bal.* The opportunity to run away.

[*Exit, L.*







*Ber.* Ma'amselle Jenny and her cousin Henri are leaving the plantation.

*Lar.* I must bear a hand to clear the ship. Aye, aye, boys, haul away. [*Exit into vessel.*]

HENRI and JENNY enter from the plantation, R.

*Jen.* (*speaking as she enters.*) You know I always rely on your counsel Henri.

*Hen.* (*to BERTH.*) Well, Monsieur, what news?

*Ber.* Good, I hope, the gentleman from France will come to an arrangement, every one agrees, but—

*Jen.* Monsieur Vincent—he refuses.

*Ber.* Why not speak to him yourself, he might relent.

*Jen.* I cannot.

*Hen.* Let me intercede for you

*Jen.* No, no, that's impossible; it might lead to a quarrel—he may have heard of our attachment.

*Hen.* And if he has, why dread the knowledge? there's little cause for secrecy.

*Jen.* I have a thousand fears! my whole life has been a strange mystery. When my father died, my mother seemed to dread the observation of every one, and kept me secluded from all eyes. She lastly removed from our dwelling in Dominique, and settled here among strangers.

*Ber.* True, and I confess it has often astonished me why she avoided even the friends of your father.

*Hen.* Did you not guess the cause of this conduct?

*Jen.* Never. A short time before her death she embraced me, and in an agony of grief lamented leaving me in Guadelope.

*Hen.* Then why remain here? Listen. I have formed a project for our happiness, our marriage; it cannot take place now, for every moment I expect the frigate to sail; but you shall go with me, in France you will be happy with my family, until you are mine for ever.

*Ber.* A capital idea, especially if Ma'amselle will see Monsieur Vincent before she goes; her mother never would receive him; this is the cause of his irritation and cruelty. I'm sure of it. Come, come, my dear girl, consent, this silly aversion may cause the ruin of your fortunes.

*Jen.* (*with effort.*) You are right; I will see him.

*Ber.* When?

*Jen.* To-day, this hour.

*Ber.* That's right. All may be arranged amicably now.

*Hen.* Madame Morand and I will prepare for our voyage.

*Ber.* Don't forget the papers, her mother's marriage contract and Ma'amselle's register of birth.

*Jen.* They are at Dominique.

*Hen.* Fortunately, the distance is so trifling, I'll send for them.

*Ber.* Do so. I'll run over to Monsieur Vincent's plantation and send him here immediately. Courage, my love, (*takes JENNY's hand.*) Fortune will yet smile upon you.

[*Exit, R.*

*Jen.* (*sighs.*) I fear not. A heavy cloud of misfortune seems to hang over me.

*Lar.* Servant, Ma'amselle ; servant, sir.

*Hen.* My brave fellow, how can we thank you for your noble conduct in saving the vessel that contained all our fortunes from wreck?

*Lar.* Why, as for the matter of thanks, I don't see that we deserve 'em for merely doing our duty ; the ship was in distress ; I, I saw it, and put off to her assistance, put her helm about, cleared the shoals ; she's now in port, and that's all.

*Jen.* No, it is not all ; without the cargo of that vessel, I should have been worse than a beggar.

[*A noise without. Voices disputing, U. R. L.*

"Let him go ; strike him again. Down with him !"

*Hen.* What is that uproar ?

*Ren.* (*Entering from Quay.*) Your nephew Julien's quarrelling with a planter. (*Takes out a piece of rope.*)

*Lan.* The young rascal ! I'll tomahawk his rigging for him.

[*A shout.*

"Huzza, Julien for ever ! Bravo ! knock him down again !"

[*A crowd of Sailors appear, shouting, surrounding JULIEN ; he appears excited ; they are forcing him back.*

*Jul.* I'll kill the villain !

*Lan.* (*seizing him.*) Kill ! who will you kill, pray ? Remember the rope's end. (*shows rope.*)

*Jul.* I don't care, you may strike me if you like, it shan't prevent my seeking the dog again, and making him eat his words, denied all he dared utter, I will if I die for it.

*Jen.* (*Reprovingly.*) Julien !

*Jul.* (*his manner changing*) Ma'amselle. (*closes his shirt which is torn, and open.*)

*Jen.* Why are you in this state ?

*Jul.* Don't be angry. I couldn't help it.

*Ren.* There's been the devil to pay with—

*Jul.* Never mind, it's past now.

*Lar.* Who have you been fighting with ?

*Jul.* A fine gentleman with a large hat ; I've spoilt the crown for him. (*laughs.*)

*Rene.* He broke the gentleman's head.

*Jul.* That's nothing !

*Lan.* Calls breaking a man's head nothing.

*Jen.* I blush for your violent conduct, for nothing can excuse it.

*Ren.* Beg pardon, ma'amselle, if you knew—

*Jul.* (*interrupting him.*) Nonsense !







*Lar.* Silence, sir, I will know. Speak out Rene.

*Hen.* Yes, tell us the cause?

*Ren.* You see, sir, it was with the overseer or headman to Mons. Vincent; he was watching the landing of the cargo, and laughing, said, it would soon be his master's. Julien replied, he hoped not, for his master, Monsieur Vincent could not ruin and distress an orphan; the overseer roughly answered, that if a sharp look out was not kept, ma'amselle would run off and cheat all her father's creditors, upon which—

*Jul.* I knocked him down, and when he got up, I knocked him down again—that's all. (*all laugh.*)

*Jen.* You did this for me?

*Jul.* Yes, and I'll do it again when we meet.

*Jen.* Forgive me for reproaching you.

*Jul.* I had forgotten it already.

*Jen.* Generous boy! another time tell me what you hear against me; but no fighting; my good friends you must need refreshment after your toil, enter the house pray, I will prepare breakfast; mind, no more quarrelling.

[*Exeunt door, s. E. L., followed by Sailors.*]

*Jul.* Anything to please you, ma'amselle (*bows.*) What a kind creature she is.

*Hen.* She is, if you knew her

*Jul.* I have known her for ten years, when I lived with my mother in Portugal, in a wretched cabin on the beachr (*When you were at the North Pole, uncle.*) No one has ever lived there since; it was too bad; but it had a great advantage to us, there was no rent to pay. I didn't care about myself, but poor mother was ill; she couldn't rise from her straw bed; we had little food; comforts none, and she required much.

*Lar.* And I knew nothing of this on the seas. I never saw an angel in a muslin frock and red shoes.

*Jul.* I was too little to work, so I used to sit at the door and cry. One night, I was crying as usual, for I hadn't a morsel of bread to give my dying mother, when an angel passed, she was an angel in a muslin frock, and red shoes. She stopped and asked why I wept. I told her my mother was ill and wanted bread,—she ran home, brought food, wine, and clothes, in an hour or two there was nothing wanting.

*Lar.* Kind soul!

*Jul.* And for three months she supplied us with everything, sent doctor's medicines, but it was no use,—mother gradually sunk under her sufferings, her eyes closed—and they never opened again on her boy.

*Lar.* Poor sister!

*Jul.* It generally happens, when the poor die—they're forgotten; not so with ma'amselle, she placed a stone over mother's grave, so that when I return from my voyages I know where to seek it, and pray to become an honest upright man, as she with

her last words prayed for—and I will be one—if any one dares say I'm not—let him take care, that's all. (*Crosses to L.*)

*Lar.* Isn't he a brave boy?

*Hen.* He is indeed!

*Lar.* (*wiping his eyes*) So I say, let him take care—why didn't you strangle that overseer?

*Jul.* I had begun—but they stopped me.

*SAILORS re-enter, carrying on table with breakfast.*

*René.* Now, master pilot, here's a rare cargo aboard!

*Lar.* Aye, aye! I'll soon clear the decks. [*they sit at table.*]

*Hen.* (*to JULIEN*) Have you finished copying the signals I gave you?

*Jul.* Yes, lieutenant, I have them already—the pirate can now be detected. [*showing a book of signals.*]

*Hen.* Every moment I expect orders to pursue the Ariel. The Pirate Captain is easily well-known; he has the mark of a cutlass on the back of his right hand.

*Jul.* So soon?

*Hen.* I am not going alone, Jenny—

*Jul.* (*loud*) Does she go with you?

*Hen.* Hush!

*Lar.* Wont you pick a-bit, lieutenant?

*Hen.* No, thank you. Good appetites to you lads. [*Exit c.*]

*Omn.* Thank your honour.

*Jul.* I'll take a snack tho' (*sits on a cask, LARGACETTE hands him bread and meat, and cup of wine*) stop, stop, boys! never forget the ladies—here's to their pretty faces and pouting lips! Oh! how I love their lips! [*drinks and laughs. All laugh.*]

*Lar.* I can't drink women's lips, I have too much of their tongue.

### SONG.

Strike, strike up a stave;

A fig, a fig for all fear—

We'll drown in the bowl

Ev'ry thought of dull care;

For when we drink deeply, we sink down at last,

Sleep sound in our hammocks, and dream of the past.

Hurra boys! hurra!

Drink deep, drink deep to the sea—

Lads of the ocean,

So merry, so merry are we.

Laugh, laugh at the lubber—

What courage, what courage has he,

Who shirks at the foam of the silv'ry sea?

We drink to her gladly, so bold and so free!

Hurra for the wild and bounding sea!

Hurra boys! hurra!

Drink deep, drink deep to the sea!

Lads of the ocean,

So merry, so merry are we.







*Rene.* You are not fond of the ladies then?

*Lar.* No, no, I married her at short notice! My wife, Madame Morand, whom the saints take, is a tartar, we quarrelled on our wedding-day—parted company at the church door—and have never sailed together since. She's a craft I can't steer, she won't obey the helm; I can't handle her rudder; she is a —.

MADAME MORAND enters, L.

*Mad. M.* What is she! you sea monster?

[LANGARCETTE rises and slowly steals out, without speaking, the Sailors follow laughing—JULIEN bows to his Aunt, kisses her hand, and then follows laughing.]

*Mad. M.* I won't put up with this neglect! attention I will have!  
[Exeunt all the Sailors up the platform.]

JENNY enters hastily.

*Jen.* Monsieur Vincent is coming—I must see him alone, but do not quit the house—be within call—this interview is almost insupportable.

*Slave.* (announces) Monsieur Vincent, mademoiselle!

MONSIEUR VINCENT enters, C. (JENNY shrinks from him.)

*Vin.* Monsieur Berthault informs me, ma'amselle, that you wished to speak to me—I am at your service. (bows.)

*Jen.* I thank you, monsieur! (to MADAME M.) leave us.

[MADAME MORAND places chairs, and exits L.]

*Vin.* I scarcely need say how much surprised I was on receiving your command, after the number of times I had called here uselessly. (sits.)

*Jen.* Sir!

*Vin.* I'm not going to reproach you—I dare say the reputation I possess alarmed you.

*Jen.* I wish to think it unmerited, sir.

*Vin.* Pardon me, I fully deserve it; I'm a harsh master; experience has taught me to be so; I know I'm disliked, flattery is of no avail with me.

*Jen.* I—I wish to consult with you on the unhappy situation my father's death places me with his creditors.

*Vin.* To be sure you do, I am the principal creditor, and you wish to conciliate me although you detest—nay, hate me—that's it, eh? (Smiling.)

*Jen.* Why have you refused the offers to arrange the payment?

*Vin.* Mere fancy, I prefer all to part payment. I shall sell the goods, plantation, slaves. You may think this revenge, spite—not so—it is your fault, not mine,

*Jen.* Mine.

*Vin.* (draws chair towards her) When I first came to Gaude-

loupe, I saw and loved you; vainly I endeavoured to meet you; your mother refused all my overtures; she was prejudiced against me; 'twas then I determined to buy up all the debts incurred by your father, and make myself master of your fortunes.

*Jen.* Was this manly vengeance?

*Vin.* It was not vengeance, merely calculation. I wanted you in my power—to see—to speak with you, and I have gained my object; will you accept my proposals? I offer you my hand.

*Jen. (rising.)* Which I refuse, sir.

*Vin. (rising.)* Refuse!

*Jen.* Yes, sir; you sought to deprive me of liberty, and I refuse. Your calculations have deceived you.

*Vin.* Are you speaking sincerely?

*Jen.* I never speak otherwise.

*Vin.* There is some secret cause for this refusal.

*Jen.* I am not accountable to you, sir, for my conduct. I believe I am mistress of my actions, and no one has the right to interrogate me in my own house.

*Vin. (laughs.)* Your own house! 'To-morrow it will be mine, think of it; to-morrow you will be pennyless. I offer you opulence, a life of pleasure.

*Jen.* You have my answer, sir.

*Vin.* Then mark mine—my whole life shall be devoted to revenge this insult. I'll seek the cause of this rejection, for there is one—if it be a lover, let him beware, girl!

*Jul. (without.)* She is here, lieutenant.

*Jen.* Henri here at this moment! (*Aside.*) They must not meet. (*JULIEN at back, L.*)

*Jul.* He is coming

*Jen.* Not here. I will go to him instantly. Monsieur (*to VINCENT.*) I presume our business is ended. (*Exit, L. C.*)

*Vin. (pacing the stage.)* Rejected! She shall repent this scorn bitterly.

*Jul.* Who is this stranger?

*Vin.* There's some hidden cause. (*Sees JULIEN, L.*) This lad may be intimate with the people of the house, I'll question him. Boy, (*calls.*) Come here.

*Jul.* He doesn't stand upon much ceremony.

*Vin.* Do you hear, rascal?

*Jul.* That's not my name, sir, I'm called Julien.

*Vin. (aside.)* A cabin boy! (*Aloud.*) Julien is it, young reefer?

*Jul. (aside.)* He's a sea-faring man. (*Comes down, L.*)

*Vin.* Pull along side or I'll tow ye up.

*Jul.* He is a sailor. (*Takes off his hat and approaches.*) Ay, ay, Captain.

*Vin. (holding out his whip.)* You deserve this.

*Jul.* Gently there, sir. (*Boldly placing himself in defence.*)







*Vin.* (smiles.) I wont harm you, fear nothing.

*Jul.* Fear! How do you write the word. I've not yet been taught it.

*Vin.* Well, well, we wont quarrel—you can render me a service—do so, and this—(takes purse from belt.)

*Jul.* Don't trouble yourself, I belong to Government, and never take anything but my meals.

*Vin.* You wont take money?

*Jul.* Not from a stranger.—How can I tell what you may want—who are you?

*Vin.* A friend of Ma'amselle La Roche's.

*Jul.* (Quickly.) Her friend—then I'll do anything to serve you. (places chair for VINCENT.) Beg pardon, may I ask your name, sir?

*Vin.* Vincent.

*Jul.* What, that rogue Vincent? (seating himself in the chair.)

*Vin.* (Shakes whip) What!

*Jul.* Oh, your reputation's well known.

*Vin.* (Aside.) Curse him! If I lose my temper, I shall defeat my purpose. (Aloud.) Hark ye, youngster, I desire to aid Ma'amselle La Roche.

*Jul.* Then why not tell her so?

*Vin.* Because I saw she suffered pain in my presence—coil tongues have traduced—slandered me!

*Jul.* I knew you were not so bad as folks say. (aside.) I'll coax him a little. (aloud.) You will give the poor young lady a little time to pay her father's debts, won't you? What can a few thousand francs be to you?—nothing—be a gentleman, and say "Pay me when you can." (VINCENT laughs—aside.) He likes it. I'll speak plainer to him. (Aloud.) Everybody now calls you a rogue, scoundrel, tyrant—give the lie to 'em all, and become a good man—live and let live—change your system—try a little kindness and humanity—it'll pay best in the end. You will become rich.

*Vin.* Rich!

*Jul.* Yes, in conscience. You'll find it much better to be good than bad.

*Vin.* You speak reasonably.

*Jul.* Of course I do. Won't it be pleasanter to hear every one to speak well of you, and say that Monsieur Vincent, that behaved well, and made poor Mdlle. Jenny so happy? Why you'll make us all happy. Monsieur Henri will be mad with joy!

*Vin.* Who is Monsieur Henri, pray?

*Jul.* My lieutenant—Ma'amselle Jenny's cousin—a fine handsome fellow, like—like—not a bit like you!

*Vin.* Does he take great interest in her affairs?

*Jul.* I should think he did—he loves her, and is going to marry her.

*Vin.* (*Starts aside.*) This is the secret !

*Jul.* Be a friend to them—prevent this sale—forgive the debts, and we shall all bless the name of Vineent.

*Vin.* I'll think of it—perhaps I *may* relent.

*Jul.* Huzza ! (*waves his hat.*) Ma'amselle will worship you before she goes.

*Vin.* Goes where ?

*Jul.* To France, with Monsieur Henri. You've no time to lose. See the Governor—prevent the sale, and wish 'em joy.

*Vin.* My congratulations shall be delivered in person—this instant I'll see the Governor ! Leave all to me, my young friend. [*Exit rapidly, c.*]

*Jul.* His young friend ! Huzza ! Vincent for ever !—I've done it—this ferocious creditor's tamed. If he won't give money, he'll give time. Rare news for ma'amselle and my lieutenant—to think that I, a cabin boy, should succeed where all their wise heads failed. (*laughs*) A storm's coming on—so much the better—it may prevent our frigate sailing, and give us twenty four hours longer on shore. (*wind—thunder.*)

JENNY, MADAME MORAUD, and BERTHAULT, *re-enter* L.

Come here all of you—I've done it.

*Ber.* Done what ?

*Jul.* Everything. All is arranged, ma'amselle. I have seen Monsieur Vincent and he consents—

*Jen.* Consents !

*Jul.* Yes, to give up his claims, or to grant time for payment.

*Jen.* Is this possible ?

*Jul.* Quite. I talked to him, reasoned with him, called him a rogue.

*Ber.* What !

*Jul.* Just to flatter him. I convinced him how silly it was to be bad, and he *promises* to change. He left me just now to make arrangements with the Governor.

*Jen.* I can scarcely believe this.

*Jul.* All truth—he'll return to congratulate you before you embark.

*Jen.* He knows that I am going then.

*Jul.* To be sure he does ; I told him you were going to France to be married to Monsieur Henri.

*Jen.* Heavens !

*Jul.* He seemed delighted to hear it.

*Jen.* You have ruined all.

*Jul.* I—I. What is it you mean ?

*Jen.* Not an hour since he offered me his hand.

*Jul.* He !

*Jen.* I refused it, and he vowed revenge.

*Jul.* He has fooled me—the villain !

[*Clenches his hand, crosses.*]

*Jen.* Should he seek Henri, a quarrel, a duel will ensue.











*Jul.* No, no, he must fight me first; my honour shall be satisfied.

*Jen.* Henri must be warned of our danger; he is now on board the frigate. Who will go to him?

*Jul.* I will.

*Ber.* Not in this storm. To cross the bay is hazardous.

*Jul.* I like hazards. (*Going.*)

*Jen.* Take me with you. I dread to remain here, now that man is master of our secret.

[*They are going, when VINCENT re-enters with paper, c.*

*Vin.* You cannot go, ma'amselle.

*Jul.* Why not?

*Jen.* Hush! Who dares detain me, sir?

*Vin.* The Governor. Here is his prohibition. (*Shews paper.*)

*Ber.* By what right is this enforced?

*Vin.* The right to oppose all those that seek to fly from their creditors.

*Jen.* Fly! I give up all I possess. [*Storm, thunder, & rain.*

*Jul.* (*to JEN.*) Oh, do let me knock him down. Stay (*to VIN.*) Monsieur, I have read this paper; but is it fair—is it manly to take advantage of it?—reflect—she is young, helpless; you are rich, powerful; let humanity guide your actions—be a man in deed, as well as name. (*VIN. smiles.*) I can appreciate your scorn; a father's feelings never found a place in your cold heart. (*VIN. laughs.*) It is useless to appeal to you; the law you so much value will defeat your purpose, and preserve her from a heartless tyrant. Nay, your threatening looks will not affect me; old as I am, I despise and defy you.

*Ber.* (*reading papers.*) The law forbids it, man. She is not of age.

*Mad. M.* No—she is scarcely nineteen.

*Vin.* The proof; produce the certificate of her birth.

*Jen.* It is not here. (*VIN. smiles.*) The papers were left at Dominique.

*Ber.* The distance is not far.

*Vin.* You forget the storm. No one will venture to sea; the sailors can't join their frigate.

*RENE and Sailors re-enter in groupes:* [*Storm, lightning.*

*Jul.* (*to JENNY.*) Courage, ma'amselle, the storm will soon go down, we can reach Dominique easily then.

*Vin.* But by that time the frigate will sail, and the papers arrive too late.

*Jen.* Lost! lost!

*Jul.* (*starting forward.*) That you shall never be. Lads, shipmates, come with me to Dominique to save ma'amselle from this rascal.

[*The Sailors hang back.*

*Rene.* Cross the bay in this gale! I'd rather not, thank'ee.

*Jul.* You wont?

*Rene.* No. (*turns away.*)

*Jul.* Messmates, you can't refuse me—will you? Your hearts are stout and willing—help me to save her from a prison. (*they turn away.*) You wont, eh? Amongst the lot not one honest fellow to join me! I'm ashamed of you! Call yourselves sailors, you're unworthy the name—cowards!

*Vin.* They're not such fools to risk their lives.

*Jul.* I will be that fool then. (*dashes off his jacket.*)

*Omnes.* You!

*Jul.* Yes, and bring back the papers, or never come back again.

*Jen.* You shall not risk your life—the sea is terrible.

*Jul.* The higher the waves rise, the higher will this heart leap, knowing it is in a good cause.

*Omnes.* Stop—you shall not go. (*preventing him.*)

*Jul.* I will—I will.

*Jen.* By the memory of your mother.

*Jul.* (*stopping suddenly.*) My mother! Thanks—thanks—your words give me new courage. You served her—now it is my turn to repay the debt and serve you.

[*MUSIC.* He rushes off, jumps into a canoe alongside the quay, and puts off.]

*Omnes.* Julien! (*They run towards the quay.*)

[*The canoe is tossed violently by the waves.*]

*Vin.* His death is certain. [*Thunder and lightning.*]

*Jul.* (*in the canoe.*) Huzza! Huzza!

[*JENNY falls on her knees supplicatingly; MADAME MORAND clasps her hands in agony; BERTHAULT stands transfixed; VINCENT exults. PICTURE, strongly reflected by the lightning.*]

END OF ACT I.







## ACT 2.

SCENE 1.—*A chamber in Ma'amselle La Roches's House. Doors in Flat. Windows on each side with awnings—there are open doors s. e. r. and l. A small door, t. e. An awning. The Quay seen through it. Chairs, tables, &c.*

*[A groupe of Planters discovered. Music. Voices bidding 1, 2, 3, done.]*

*Bal.* Three and a half.

*Voices.* Done. *(a laugh heard and voices.)* The lot's yours, sir.

*Bal.* *(without.)* I know it.

*Planters enter laughing.*

*2d Pla.* The Parisian curiosity dealer's bought a bargain at last; the lot is his.

*Bal.* Glad it pleases you, gentlemen; laugh away.

*Enter, with CLARA, closely veiled in white, R.*

Don't tremble, you're mine at prime cost; I was determined that agreeable Monsieur Vincent shouldn't buy every thing, so I bid for you against him; *(looks at her)* rather a tidy lot. A young white slave, for they are all whites in this Island, born in slavery like the blackeys; the auctioneer wouldn't let her unveil, so I purchased her a blind bargain. The planters called her a cheap lot, especially as she was young and pretty. I shall introduce her in Paris as foreign produce for home consumption. *(Walks round)* A nice figure, and not too much of it, my love!

*Cla.* Lub, *(laughs)* ho! ho!

*Bal.* Ho! ho! what do you ho! ho! for? perhaps she's struck with me before first sight; I *am* considered a beauty, my dear. *(She laughs.)* No reply. Can't she talk? If not, she'll be a decided curiosity in woman. *(reads paper)* "Clara Claminto Clouts." That's your name, I believe?

*Cla.* Issa. Oh dearee! *(Sighs.)*

*Bal.* I'm your wholesale and retail proprietor.

*Cla.* Issa. Poor Clary knock down.

*Bal.* To me—now let me look at your face.

*Cla.* Me shame, massa. *(Simpers and laughs.)*

*Bal.* Shame! be hanged.

*Cla.* You so berry much too pretty, Oh! *(sighs.)*

*Bal.* Very much too pretty, eh? there's no flattery in that;

all nature; how refreshing it is to hear the simple truth from nature's children, no deception or flummery; so I'm handsome, eh?

*Cla.* Oh Josey, two times ober.

*Bal.* Two times over! 'pon my soul, this is a sensible girl! If she's smitten now, wait till she removes the curtain. I should like another lot at the same price; shew me your face, its good looking, I'll swear.

*Cla.* Oh! oh! massa (*she refuses*) don't.

*Bal.* I will—I will—give me a kiss, you little dog.

[*He casts off the veil and discovers a very ugly negress. CLARA laughs; he stands aghast.*]

*Cla.* Issa kissa, massa

*Bal.* (*running from her, catching up a chair to keep her off.*) Kissa, kissa, the—I'll have my money back, its a fraud, a robbery, I bought a white; you're a black.

*Cla.* Me, black, massa?

*Bal.* As the devil!

[*Rushing out, C., CLARA pursues, laughing. Planters pass from the sale and exeunt in groupes, talking.*]

[*ESCARBOT enters from Quay with his gun. The Planters enter room, R.*]

*Esc.* Ma'amselle not here? It's no use disturbing her, there's no tidings of Julien, though the storm's gone down.

[*Puts his gun and hat, on side table.*]

*PIERRE enters hastily from quay with paper.*

*Pie.* Where's Monsieur Henri? here's an order for him from the Governor, to go on board instantly.

[*PIERRE exits, s. c.*]

*Esc.* That's a good idea, he heard that the lieutenant had sent Monsieur Vincent a challenge: this order will prevent their meeting.

*MAD. MORAND, entering from door, R.*

*M. Mor.* I cannot bear to see the things go for nothing any longer; articles that cost hundreds are knocked down for—

*BALLIARD entering with his umbrella up.*

*Bal.* Nothing! It's monstrous. I'm positively ill with vexation; if I bid, I'm out-bid by that Planter Vincent; he swallows up all; even the pigs and poultry; I cant buy a bargain. I pity the poor girl; she'll pay nothing out of this sale, and I shall get a dividend of promises.

*M. Mor.* Vincent's a brute. No one will compete with him; he gets every thing at his own price.

*Bal.* He let me have one lot; confound him. I offered





600 francs, he bid 9; I said 10, he cried 11.—12; 12 I said, determined to have it; he laughed; the lot was mine, and I was knocked down.

*Mad. M.* What was it?

*Bal.* An old horse, and lame negress—

*Esc.* (*laughs*) Ha, ha, ha—

*Bal.* They're not worth keeping, unless I kill 'em and stuff 'em for natural curiosities.

*Mad. M.* All is sold now but the slaves!

*Bal.* Are you one? if so, I make an offer for you!

*Mad. M.* Pray do I look like a woman of color?—I am a white, sir!

*Bal.* Beg pardon! I took you for whitey-brown—I saw a beautiful creature just now—quite white, yet they called her a slave.

*Esc.* There are many in the Colony white as we are, yet they are slaves!

*Mad. M.* It is not their color, but their origin makes them black.

*An Attendant enters from door, R.*

*Att.* You are wanted at the sale, sir—

*Bal.* Is there another bargain for me? there is only one lot I should like to buy—a bad bargain, Monsieur Vincent, just to have the satisfaction of seeing him knocked down.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Mad. M.* Julien does not return with the papers, if he is lost, ma'amselle's case is utterly hopeless.—

*Esc.* We musn't think of his loss—brave boy! I have made every enquiry, but no news—

*JENNY BARTHAUT and HENRI enter, L.*

*Jen.* Have you heard of Julien? (*to ESCARBOT,*)

*Esc.* No ma'amselle, all the messengers have not returned.

*Jen.* Heaven grant that he escaped the fury of the tempest; why did he risk his life for me? misfortune attends all that love me.

*Hen.* It is all caused by that villain!

*Ben.* Be calm.

*Hen.* I cannot restrain my rage—he shall suffer for the sufferings he inflicts on others.

*Jen.* Henri, remember your promise. Would you increase my misery? You will keep your word?

*Hen.* Yes, yes. (*retires up.* *PIERRE re-enters, C. gives him the order.*) I dare not disobey (*returns*), I'm ordered on board instantly, but I will not go without you, love—run to the signal post, and ask if a strange sail has been seen.

*Pierre.* Aye, aye, sir.

[*Exit, C.*]

*M. Mor.* I'll go with him, and bring back the news.

[*Exit, C.*]



*Hen.* When Julien saw it was impossible to reach the island, he doubtlessly put back:

*Bar.* Then the papers will not be forthcoming. Ma'amselle must remain according to the law. (*LARGACETTE without.*)

*Lar.* Where is my boy, I must see him. (*Entering, c.*) You young rascal, where are you? (*Takes out rope's end.*)

*Jen.* Have you heard of him?

*Lar.* Yes.

*Jen.* Thank heaven.

*Hen.* Where is he?

*Lar.* You know the canoe belonging to the Governor, I left it in Julien's care—

*Hen.* Well—

*Lar.* The wind has taken it out to sea. I saw it floating keel upwards.

*Hen.* The cause? (*JENNY appears agitated.*)

*Lar.* Yes, the rigging torne and the deck broken up.

*Jen.* And Julien? (*Hurriedly.*)

*Lar.* All I found of the young dog was his hat, which I shall return with a rope's end. (*Swings rope.*)

*Jen.* You have not seen him then.

*Lar.* No. I'm looking for the gentleman now.

*Hen.* He was sailing in that boat.

*Lar.* Avast, monsieur, avast! What's that you say? Sailing in that cockleshell in the storm. No, no.

*Hen.* He crossed the bay in it sailing for Dominique.

*Lar.* In the canoe. No, no, monsieur, not in the canoe; you are joking—it cannot be.

*Lar.* (*with feeling.*) Then he has perished—my brave boy, and all my hopes have gone down with him. (*Sinks in a chair. JENNY weeps.*)

*Hen.* (*touching his shoulder*) Courage, man, rouse yourself.

*Lar.* What for? I've nothing to live or strive for now. My hope, comfort, home, everything was centered in that boy; bless his noble heart. My pride was to make a good seaman of him, and leave the savings of a life for him to enjoy when I had cut my cable. All that's past now—all's foundered, my heart has cast off her last anchor, and I've nothing left but to lie down and die.

*Hen.* Laycette!

*Sailors enter.*

*Jul.* (*Without.*) Huzza!

*Voices.* Huzza!—he's safe.

*Lar.* (*starts up.*) My boy! (*calls*) Julien! Julien!

*Jul.* Aye, aye! Who calls? (*Enters, c.*)

*Lar.* It is he—alive, hearty. (*Runs to him, embrace.*) You young rascal; why did you make me run over at the scuppers? I'm—I'm so overjoyed that—that—I'll rope's end you for this, I will. (*Picks up rope.*)







*Jul.* (*laughs.*) Uncle!

*Jen.* How rejoiced we are at your safe return. (*Takes his hand.*)

*Jul.* Ha, what for, it was nothing; the sea did run a trifle high to be sure, capsized the boat, but I had a swim for it. (*Laughs.*) Victory, lieutenant, victory. I have the papers all right.

*Hen.* The papers!

*Ber.* There's not a moment to lose—they must go to the Governor.

*Jul.* Don't trouble yourself; the Governor has already given an order for Ma'amselle's embarkation. I have seen him, and within half an hour the orders for her departure will arrive.

*Jen.* We have to thank you for all—

*Jul.* All—I've done nothing, save vexed poor uncle. (*Takes his hand.*)

*Lar.* (*wipes his eyes.*) You're a good fellow—a hem! a good fellow.

*Jen.* Are you not wet?

*Jul.* Oh no, I dried myself in the sun.

*Jen.* I can never repay you sufficiently for the service you have rendered me.

*Lar.* I'll pay him, ma'amselle. How dare you take the boat? (*raises his rope.*)

*Jul.* (*Smiling.*) Would you—would you, uncié, strike?

*Lar.* No—I—d—d if I would, boy. I'd rather lose my hand than harm you, but you shan't make a fool of me—hurting my feelings. (*wipes his eyes.*)

*Jul.* I wont, I wont. Ma'amselle, may I ask a favour; since yesterday I've ate nothing, and the swim's made me hungry.

*Jen.* Poor boy—come with me.

*Jul.* No—no—I know the house. I shall swallow like a shark. Uncle, you shan't make a fool of me—touching my feelings.

[*Laughs and exits.*]

*Lar.* You rogue. (*throws his hat after him.*)

*Hen.* I must obey orders and hasten on board now; everything being settled, the papers produced, you can join me in an hour or two, love.

*Jen.* Yes, dear Henri.

*Hen.* Farewell. We shall meet then to part no more.

[*Kisses and exits, L.*]

*Lar.* I'll look after the canoe Master Julien borrowed, or the Governor will hear of it. (*Exit, C.*) Come, lads, (*SAILORS exit.*) bear a hand.

*Ben.* My dear child, at last happiness and peace will be yours. When you are far away, do not forget the friends that love you.

*Jen.* Forget! Can I be so ungrateful? you that have proved a father to me—I have little to regret in leaving this place,

but your kind affection,—now that I am deprived of the objects I most valued—the remembrances of my dear mother have been sold to strangers—our once happy home robbed of all its fond recollections, nothing is mine now, they have sold even the book my mother first taught me to pray from. The gold cross she gave me with her dying blessing. The portrait of my father—all—all have been madly torn from me.

[JULIEN, *who enters during the last words, runs to her with the portrait.*

*Jul.* Don't weep, Ma'amselle, here's the portrait.

*Jen.* (*kissing it.*) How did you obtain it?

*Jul.* I was eating my breakfast, when I saw it in the hands of an old man. It grieved me, knowing how much you valued it. It cut me to the heart, so I offered to buy it with the money I had saved up from my last pay—he consented, and here it is.

*Jen.* Nothing on earth is dearer to me. (*kisses it.*)

MADAME MORANT *re-enters.*

*Mad. M.* Ma'amselle, the poor slaves wish to take leave of you before they go to their new masters.

*Jen.* Bid them come.

MUSIC. *Enter VINCENT, BALLANDIER, a Judge, Creditors, Slaves, Sailors, Colonists, &c.*

*Jen.* Thank you, my poor friends, for this last proof of your fidelity and affection.

[*They curtsy and appear affected.*

*Bal.* I am sure such affection is quite a natural curiosity.

*Vin.* (*who has been talking to the JUDGE, advances to JENNY and speaks to her aside.*) Have you no observations to make on what has been done?

*Jen.* None, sir. All I possessed is yours. I trust you are satisfied.

*Vin.* Not yet—you may regain more than you have lost; become mine, and love—devoted, sincere love, shall be yours.

*Jen.* I have no words for you, sir. Come, madame, Henri waits for our departure.

*Vin.* I forbid it.

*Jul.* (*advancing to him.*) You! You!

*Vin.* The cabin boy returned in safety.

*Jul.* Yes, much to your satisfaction. Eh!

*Vin.* The certificate.

*Jul.* Don't be in a hurry, the Governor will send it.

*Vin.* I will see it.

*Jul.* You shall.

*A Servant enters with papers, c.*

*Ser.* For Ma'amselle Jenny.

*Vin.* Give them to me. (*takes papers.*)





*Jul.* Let him have them (*VINCENT reads.*) Well, how do you like them, eh? Are they all right? (*laughing.*)

*Vin.* Curses on the papers.

*Jul.* Not quite to your taste, eh?

*Vin.* (*with surprise.*) What is this? (*reads.*)

*Jul.* Oh, he's very bad.

*Vin.* Excellent! How can I sufficiently reward you, my intelligent youth?

*Jul.* No compliments.

*Vin.* It is to your courage I am indebted for this lucky paper. Ma'amselle is a minor.

*Bal.* She's left me *minus*.

*Vin.* You shall be repaid richly, sir. (*To JUDGE—shews papers*)

*Bal.* Something else to sell—it won't do.

*Omnes.* Sell!

*Vin.* Yes, one important object.

*Omnes.* What?

*Vin.* The daughter of Monsieur La Roche, and Martha his slave. (*all appear depressed.*)

*Bet.* Ma'amselle Jenny?

*Vin.* Is a born slave, not a free woman; this paper confirms it.

*Jen.* (*sorrowfully.*) This, this was my mother's secret.

*Bet.* You cannot be so heartless, sir.

*Vin.* (*to JUDGE.*) Perform your office. There is another slave to be sold.

*Jul.* No, no; it is not—it cannot be true.

*Judge.* Such is the law.

*Jen.* Then my place is here—I am no longer free.

[*Lets her shawl drop and stands with slaves; they weep and kiss her hands.*]

*Jul.* (*in a stupor*) One of them! She a slave! Am I dreaming? (*Reflects.*) Gracious Heavens! It is true—a slave!

*Ber.* Listen, sir. I say nothing of the right the law gives you of this poor girl. I ask but one favor. Let me purchase her freedom?

[*JUDGE places himself at table. VINCENT places bills on it. Creditors arrange round it.*]

*Judge.* Let the sale proceed.

*Vin.* I offer 2,000 piastres.

*Ber.* I'll give 4.

*Vin.* Six.

*Bal.* Sixteen; knock her down.

*Ber.* (*Pauses.*) Six—seven—

*Jen.* Strive not for me, leave me to my fate.

*Ret.* Never; I'll eat my own head first. I only possess



double that sum; it is my children's patrimony. (*To VIN.*) I know you are richer far than I am, but I have promised this child protection. She is an orphan, helpless, penniless, be compassionate. Let me restore her to liberty, happiness; take all I have, my children's fortune—mine, I willingly give 12,000 piastres.

*Vin.* I give twenty.

*Jul.* Villain. (*starting forward, the Creditors restrain him.*)

*Ben.* (*to Creditors.*) Gentlemen, you can have but one object in this sale, that of enriching yourselves; take my offer, I pledging word to pay every sou within twelve months.

*Vin.* I'll pay them all, this hour. (*throws pocket book on table.*)

*Om.* Pay all! (*they confer. JENNY sinks into a chair.*)

*Bal.* Pay every body. Bad debt's call—here's an unnatural curiosity.

*Jud.* No one offers more than the 20,000. Monsieur is the owner of the slave.

*Ben.* Heavens help her.

[*The Slaves exit. JUDGE and Creditors, c. Music.*]

*Jud.* You are required, sir, to fill up the last form article. (*to BENTH.*)

*Ben.* I attend, sir. (*Giving his hand to JENNY*) Courage, my dear child. I'll return to you. (*aside.*) There is no hope for her.

[*Exit all the slaves. s. e.*]

*Bal.* Monsieur Vincent, you're a nice man, a very nice man, to treat a poor girl in this manner. Here's my card. (*throws card down.*) If ever you visit Paris, pray call on me, No. 1., Devil-street, and I'll treat you as an unfeeling, heartless scoundrel should be treated, with contempt and a horse-whip. [*Exit.*]

*Vin.* Prepare, madam, to follow me to your new home instantly. [*Exit, L.*]

*Jul.* (*after a pause, falls on his knees before JEN.*) Ma'amselle, ma'amselle, look up, look up, not a sigh nor one tear, whilst my heart is bursting! (*Sobs*) I am like an infant without strength or courage; do speak to me; (*starts up,*) a villain like that to be your master, its too bad. Something here (*touches his heart*) tells me it cannot, shall not be; do talk to me—let me hear your voice. I love you more than a brother ever loved a sister. Say that you hope—this silence is frightful—I would sooner see you in tears.

*Jen.* (*still seated.*) Shed tears! No, it would cause that man more triumph; my misfortunes are not without hope.

*Jul.* What will become of Monsieur Henri?

*Jen.* (*sighs.*) I bless Providence he is absent; his life might have been exposed uselessly; when he returns I shall be far from this place. We shall never meet again.







*Jul.* Not see him.

*Jen.* I feel I have not the courage—I dare not ; you shall take a letter—the last I shall ever write to him. You will do so.

*Jul.* Yes. (*Sobs*).

*Jen.* Remain with him and console him.

*Jul.* Yes. (*Sobs*).

*Jen.* Now I have done with life ; the hereafter is too terrible to contemplate. Adieu, all fond remembrance, home, friends, kind generous Julien, farewell. (*MINCENT without.*)

*Vin.* Prepare the horses for my departure.

*Jul.* He has returned for you.

*Jen.* (*in room.*) Not yet—not yet. Henri must have this letter, my last. [*Exit rapidly, L. JULIEN closes door.*]

VINCENT enters R.

*Vin.* All is done. (*JULIEN closes door, L.*) You are still here, youngster. Where's your friend Jenny, the slave—I am waiting for her.

*Jul.* You must wait.

*Vin.* Must !

*Jul.* Yes. Listen to me. Yesterday you deceived me, promised to be good, talked as if you had a heart.

*Vin.* (*laughs.*) Pleading for the girl again, eh ? Why do you take this interest in her ?

*Jul.* She took care of my mother in poverty and sickness. If you thought a little more of your mother you'd be a better man.

*Vin.* Let me give you a little advice.

*Jul.* What advice ?

*Vin.* To mind your own business.

*Jul.* These are your principles—principles that make you hated by the whole world.

*Vin.* The world's in error. I merely seek my pleasure, not the sorrows of others. Here's a proof. You think me cruel to Jenny—this paper is an act that makes her a free woman, and restores her to fortune and name.

*Jul.* Free !

*Vin.* With my signature.

*Jul.* Will you sign it ?

*Vin.* Yes, if she will marry me.

*Jul.* Marry you—she can't.

*Vin.* Then she must not complain of me.

*Jul.* If you want a slave, take me. I will devote my whole life to your service, work night and day to please you ; release her, be merciful. I can't use fine words, and my heart's too full to say much ; but look at me, I speak with my hands joined in supplication, in tears—on my knees. Look at me, sir, listen to the prayers of a poor watchful boy and be merciful. (*Kneels.*)

*Wretched ?*

Vin. The boy's mad.

Jul. Mad, because I ask for pity; don't think to carry off my lieutenant's life so easily—he'll return, then look to yourself.

Vin. Let him come, I'll shoot him—kill him, I'm sure of my aim.

Jul. Then I'll kill you.

Vin. You? (*Laughs.*) Ah! ah!

Jul. You laugh at me because I'm a boy, a child to you; a rogue, a scoundrel.

Vin. I'll horse-whip you, you young dog, let me pass.

Jul. If you try to quit the house, I'll shoot you. (*Snatches up gun from the table.*) A viper may be crushed.

Vin. What would you do?

Jul. Kill you! (*levelling gun, VINCENT starts back—picture*) (*Laughs*) Ha! ha! now the boy's a match for you.

Vin. Hear!

Jul. I won't!—down on your knees, and ask pardon of your Creator!—Your time is come—down—down—

*LARGARCETTE hastens on, c.*

Lar. Ulloa, what's all this?

Jul. Stand out of the way, uncle, or I'll shoot you too.

Lar. Shoot me, rogue! (*raises his rope.*) my eyes!

Jul. I must kill him.

Lar. Kill who?

Jul. That man Vincent.

Lar. Is this Monsieur Vincent? Avast there—(*looks at him.*) Lets overhaul the shark that has sold all. (*Starts back astonished.*) My precious eyes, it is--Phew! the very Grampus. (*Running to JULIEN.*) Come away, boy, make all sail.

Jul. Why do you tremble before this man?

Lar. (*Receding his face towards VINCENT.*) He's no man, but a blood-thirsty pirate, the captain of the "Ariel." (*Whispers.*) Come away.

Jul. No, you run to the authorities, I'll follow—this way, uncle—this way—(*hurries LARGCETTE from door, c.—closes it, and stands before it. VINCENT does not hear the conversation, being in the extreme corner of the stage, moves towards c.*)

Jul. Stop, I have not done with you yet, be seated, and we'll soon settle accounts.

Vin. I'll make you repent this insolence bitterly!

Jul. (*casting gun aside and throwing the doors open*) See how much I fear your threats, (*folds his arms*) coward!

Vin. You dare!

Jul. I dare to look on a pirate face to face—

Vin. (*darting forward*) Wretch!

Jul. That's your name—shall I call for assistance to secure you?







*Vin. (reviling)* No—no—

*Jul.* As you please—you can't tell how glad I am to see you, my bold Captain, (*bows*) I know all the signals of your pirate craft, "Ariel,"—all—

*Vin.* Signals!

*Jul.* Oh yes! I copied them for the Government. My lieutenant has them.

*Vin.* Silence! (*seizing his arm*)

*Jul.* And the wound on the right hand—here it is—you are the very man! (*points to his hand.*)

*Vin. (snatching his hand back)* Ah!

*Jul.* And I was going to kill you; we didn't understand each other.

*Vin.* Name the sum that will purchase your silence?

*Jul.* The sum! come I'll be frank with you—I'd rather see you hanged—that is the *law*. You're fond of the *law*, aint you?

*Vin.* Take all I have.

*Jul.* No, I won't be hard with you. On one condition I may give you a chance of escape.

*Jen. (without)* Do not let him enter; say I'm gone.

*Vin.* Not a word (*to JULIEN.*)

*Jen. (rushing on.)* Julien, it is Henri; he must not see me. (*Runs to JULIEN.*)

*Jul.* Yes, he must, (*calls.*) Lieutenant! this way! this way!

HENRI enters with BERTHAULT and MAD. MORAUD, C.

*Hen. (runs to JENNY, embrace.)* I have learnt all, love, and am here to protect you with life.

*Jul.* I told you so—aint you comfortable?

*Hen.* This monster shall atone with his life for your sufferings. Come, sir; meet me if you are a man.

*Jen.* Henri, I conjure—(*clings to him*)

*Jul.* Don't fear, they shant fight. Monsr. Vincent declines the honor. We can settle our accounts without fighting, can't we (*to VINCENT*). Tell him (*HENRI*) that you have the act that makes Ma'amselle Jenny a free woman: the act that restores her to name and fortune; the act that releases her from your power for ever.

*Jen.* Free—released!

*Jul.* Yes; (*to VINCENT*) The pap r—you put it in the right-hand pocket.

*Vin. (to him)* I will not give it up (*in a low voice*).

*Jul.* Very good—what a pretty figure you'll make hanging. (*in a low voice*) Consent, and I am silent; you then escape unsuspected; refuse, and you (*swings his hat*) decide, life or death. (*VINCENT signs paper at table, and casts it in the middle of the stage, JULIEN secures it*) Adieu, noble Captain! ~~Bon voyage!~~ *Pleasant voyage to you!*

[VINCENT makes towards the D. C.—LARGCETTE enters and encounters him face to face; VINCENT runs to door.

~~Pleasant voyage to you!~~



*Lar.* Pirate!

*Jul.* Hush, uncle—run, run for your life. (*to VINCENT*)  
You are mistaken, Monsieur Vincent is a—

*ESCARBOTTE and Soldiers entering, c.*

*Esc.* State criminal. I arrest him by the Governor's orders.

*Vin.* Betrayed!

*Lar.* Yes—I did it for you.

*Jul.* Not by me; I scorn it—sorry for you, but the law must be revered. Give my respects to the Governor. adieu, Monsieur Vincent, adieu!

[*VINCENT is removed by ESCARBOTTE and Soldiers.*  
*JULIEN bows to him.*

*Ber.* The law you count so much will finish you.

*Lar.* Let me knock him down—he is a bad lot.

*Hen.* Explain all this. [*A cannon heard.*

*Jul.* Another time—there's the signal for our departure—every thing is settled—be content.

*Ber.* Thanks to you, my fine fellow.

*Jen.* (*taking his hand*) He is our preserver. I cannot give utterance to the gratitude I feel, dear, dear boy—you have rescued me from the worst of slaves. Happiness, life itself is your gift, for to have existed in the power of that bad man would have been impossible—his slave—the thought fills my mind with loathing and disgust.

*Jul.* You give me your hand to unite to another (*places his in JENNY'S.*) There! that's all I want (*kisses them both*). Now for France. Hurrah! for the open sea—a fair wind and a good ship—happiness awaits us—pleasure, love, and hope. To sea—to sea—hurrah for La Belle France, and may I hope our friends here will not forget the poor Cabin Boy.

### *Disposition of Characters.*

PLANTERS, SAILORS, PLANTERS. SLAVES,  
M. BARTHAULT, HENRI, LARGCETTE, JULIAN, SAILORS.  
MADAME MONAND.  
*from*  
*roi - too - jaw - to*  
*loi - wa*  
*toi - twa*  
*sai - swa*  
*foi - fwa*











